

"STEPHEN DOUGLAS JACOBS", My grandfather was one of the dearest persons that I knew. While growing up, I spent my summers on his farm known as "Easthill" just east of Richmond, Mo. Grandpa would saddle up "Brisco" his beloved horse each day for me and I was allowed to ride the many miles of land visible from the Huge Brick Home high on a hill surrounded by Giant Black Walnut Trees. Grandpa would sit on the porch and watch that I didn't get hurt* Brisco was a very gentle horse but on occasion he would try to rub you off on a tree or fence but knowing his one bad habit prevented his from ever succeeding with me*

The Jacobs home was built in 1835 of walnut and oak and all floors were of white oak. It was a Showplace and Social Center for Ray County. It remained in the Jacobs family until 1961. Every room had huge fireplaces and was lavishly furnished. I enjoyed sliding down the banister, much to the frustration of my prissy Aunt, Aunt Mary, my mothers oldest sister, who lived with my grandfather. She was always conscious of my huge appetite, although my skinny frame, short almost white hair was deceiving as to the quantity of food I could consume. My father always said "Joey you eat so much it makes you poor to carry it!"

My grandfather had huge coal mines which were in time closed with the coming of natural gas. Every other Sunday all family members gathered at my grandfathers for Sunday dinner. No matter the weather all came. I remember the Jacobs family as being the closest and most loving family of any family I have ever known and all my cousins were dear to me.

Sincerely, Joan Keith Burdick Stone